

Halo 2:Crossover Evolved

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Summary: A Crossover between Halo 2 And World of Warcraft. Please R&R. Rated M for Humour

1. Cairo Station

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Disclaimer: I do not own the rights to either World of Warcraft or Halo. If I ever name the Characters in this, then they will be my characters on World of Warcraft.

Chapter 1: Cairo Station

Two brutes brought the golden elite in in chains. They chained him to some poles. The elite looked at the two brutes and said "If they came to see me beg for mercy, then they'll be disappointed." The brute replied "We shall seeâ€œ! What the hell was that?" A green humanoid object passed by them, going down. The other brute shrugged and replied, "eh, doesn't matter. It'll be dead soon." A dragonoid suddenly flew up, with the green humanoid on it. The green thing said, "Where's this place? Well, my flying mount works here so it must be part of Outland." The Brutes looked at each other and then roared, "Get Him!" The green thing jumped off it's dragon and blew a whistle. A hunter appeared out of thin air and started pwning up the hordes of covenant. When there were fifty dead grunts lying on the ground, the brutes looked at it and said, "What other skills do you have, thing?" The green thing looked at them and said "I'm an orc. And here's a skill. Slash Silly."

"_I come from the orcs,_

We eat with spoons and forks,

We love to eat our pork.

The brutes stared and replied, "â€œPerfect. We want to recruit you."

A box appeared out of nowhere saying "Brute 1 invites you to a guild: The covenant." The orc looked at them and pushed a button labelled "Accept." The orc replied, "Sweet. Can I invite the rest of my guys?" The Brutes stared in disbelief. There were more?! They both replied at the same time, "Of Course." Within five minutes there were millions of things swarming. The brutes looked at each other and said, "We're gonna need more room."

Over on Cairo station, Master Chief had just woken up and was walking, unbeknownst to him, into a celebration. As he walked in, he growled at Sergeant Johnson, "You told me there weren't going to be any cameras." Sergeant Johnson replied with, "And you told me you were going to wear something nice!" All of a sudden, there was an announcement that the covenant were attacking. Master Chief looked at Sergeant Johnson and said, "I need a weapon." Sergeant Johnson smiled and replied "Right this way."

Master Chief walked downstairs to where the guns were kept and looked at the weapons. "Battle rifleâ€| SMGâ€| Gnomish death rayâ€| ooh, that looks dangerous" as he picked up the death ray. A tiny voice piped up, "Gimme back my gadget. I been tinking with that for four years." Master Chief looked around as though he had heard a ghost. "Oy. Down here, you big green bastard." Master chief looked down to see a midget flipping him off. "Ah! A grunt!" Master chief screamed as he kicked it. The midget went flying and after a while walked back. "I'm no grunt! I'm a fricking gnome!" Master chief paused and kicked it again, "Ah! A gnome!" The gnome went flying and limped back. "Well I can see this will be a fricking fun time. Just give me back the goddamn death ray." All of a sudden, a zombie appeared out of nowhere and hissed, "Have you got the death starâ€| I mean, ray, yet Khazfilaz?" The Gnome turned around and yelled in his high pitched voice, "My name is not Khazfilaz, you brain-dead retard. It's Reginald!" Master chief stared at the zombie and said, "Hey, you're a marine." The zombie looked startled and then said, after a pause, "Um, yeah. I'm a marine." "Then die for a meatshield!" Master Chief punched it, so hard that it sent the zombies head flying. After much searching, it found it's head and put it back on. When Master Chief aimed again, it shouted, "Wait, I'm not a marine! I'm undead!" "Then die for a bone shield!" Master chief punched it again. After another few moments of finding it's head, the undead gasped and said, "Time to do what warlocks do bestâ€| Spam fear!" Suddenly, Master Chief was afraid of the dead guy, and the gnome-grunt thing, and the ship he was in. In an attempt to remove himself from the fear, he beat the undead down using it's own arm. The gnome looked up and said, "Wow, fought like a demon." Master Chief looked down and kicked him away, "Ah! A grunt!"

Master Chief walked back upstairs to see a freak socialising with Sergeant Johnson. The freak would keep trying to reach into Sergeant Johnson's pocket, where Sergeant Johnson would turn around and bark, "Stop that!" Master Chief walked up and asked, "A problem?" Sergeant Johnson turned around and replied, "Not really. He's just trying to steal from me." Master Chief loaded his SMG and pointed it at the freak. "If there's one thing I hate more than Covenant, it's black people." An awkward silence ensued, followed by Sergeant Johnson asking, "You mean him or me?" Master Chief looked as emotionless as ever as he growled, "Surprise me."

Ten minutes later, Master Chief strode down the hallway, followed by the freak, who had looted Sergeant Johnson's corpse. "So let me get

this straight. You are a night elf. There is another world, called Azeroth, where you, humans, dwarves, demons called draenei and gnomes fight things called orcs, tauren, trolls, blood elves and undead. Each of these five are part of a different faction, being the Alliance or the Horde. Within each race, there is a sub-class that you have been trained as, such as rogue or warlock, shaman or warrior?" The night elf turned, looked at Master Chief and replied, "Yes. That's right." Master Chief looked up, whistled and muttered, "Well, if the rest of your races are as retarded as you, then we are royally screwed!"

As he was running towards the door that the Covenant were coming to, a barely clothed human ran past, yelling, "I'm main tank! I'm main tank!" When the door exploded, the human went flying in the opposite direction instead. After five minutes of picking off the Covenant that burst through, the human appeared again. He dusted himself off and started talking to Master Chief, "Hey, I have a great idea!" "Too bad" "How does it go?" "I don't want to know." "A man came up to me and he said," "You're dead!" "How did you guess?" Master Chief punched the human, shot him and stuck him with every plasma grenade he could find, in an attempt to shut him up. A blue demon appeared that looked like a Covenant, but he wasn't registering as one on Master Chief's visor. It moved its hands in a strange position and the human came back. Master Chief screamed "Nooooooooooooooooooooooo!" at the top of his lungs and killed both the demon and the human.

Much later on, after he had killed the human no less than three hundred and thirty thousand times, he found the bomb. He radioed Admiral Hood and said, "Permission to leave the ship?" Lord Hood radioed back, "What for?" "To give the covenant back their bomb." Cortana piped up, "I know what you're thinking, and it's crazy." "I know," Master Chief replied, "But what if Kodos could fly?" "Mind on the job, Chief. You have a bomb to deliver. And remember, if it's later than thirty minutes, it's free." Master Chief started to open the air lock when Cortana asked, "Just one question. What if you miss?" Master Chief's eyes went wide (even though you couldn't see it), "Oh shit! Abort, abort. Master Chief hit the panel so hard it broke, and opened faster. Master Chief grabbed the bomb and tried to ride it to the Covenant ship, hoping in the back of his mind that they would return him to Cairo and keep the bomb. On his way there, he saw a Tauren yelling "Milk Me!" and a Blood Elf talking about fashion and a nose-bone. He aimed the bomb and kicked it into the Tauren, where it bounced off its udder and hit the Blood Elf. Master Chief yelled "Oh yeah! Twenty points!" Cortana's sarcastic voice turned up its volume as she yelled, "A good shot, but you were supposed to be hitting the bloody Covenant ship!" Master Chief just quietly murmured, "Oops" as he attempted to swim back to Cairo. Soon a huge explosion knocked Master Chief into the future, where he used a time travel device to get back to five minutes after the bomb hit, sitting in a chair on the Cairo.

Authors Note: You really need to understand WoW and Halo to get the humor. Please review as to whether Master Chief should end up in Azeroth. Also I would like to thank my friend Natas for giving me lots of retarded ideas. I hate you too man.

Chapter 2: They'll Regret That One Too.

Disclaimer: I don't own Halo or WoW

They were flying down to New Mombasa when Cortana noted that the Covenant were broadcasting a message labeled "Regret. Regret. Regret." Miranda Keyes replied, "Catchy. Any idea what it means?" "Dear humanity" Sergeant Johnson started, "We regret being alien bastards. We regret coming to earth. But we most definitely don't regret you blowing up the cow and the elf." Cortana ignored Sergeant Johnson's comment and continued, "Regret is a name. He's one of the religious leaders and he's on this planet, calling for help." All of a sudden, the ship was shot down by a scarab. Master Chief was half-conscious when he could hear, "Chief. Are you alright? Can you move?" Master Chief moaned, "Just five more minutes, mom" where he was replied with, "Goddammit, Chief! Wake up." He felt something hit him, like the butt of a sniper rifle when he woke up to see a slurring Dwarf, trying to talk to him. "Ya shwallowed shome lead, ya barshtard. Guim me ma drink baac or a keel you!" As Master Chief was trying to figure out what the Dwarf was saying, a Gnome on speed ran into him, causing severe pain in the groinal area. Master Chief chased after the gnome who was going "Woit woit woit" in a high pitched voice. As the gnome disappeared from sight, a door blasted open. On the other side was a very ugly female blood elf. Master Chief looked at the elf and said calmly, "I don't hit girls." The elf replied in a deep voice, "I'm a guy, Dumb ass." Master Chief punched the elf repeatedly, until it's face was a puddle, then shrugged and said, "It's an improvement." Then Miranda Keyes sent a message, telling Sergeant Johnson to get on a pelican, which was in an infested Covenant area. Sergeant Johnson bitched about the difficulty, while Master Chief cleared the area of all Jackal snipers, as well as taking time to shoot the Human warrior, the Undead warlock, and kick the gnome, calling it a grunt. When the pelican landed, Sergeant Johnson got on, taking all credit for the dead Covenant. Master Chief continued ahead, shooting down all Humans, Gnomes and Elfs he saw. He turned a corner and was blindsided by a staggering Dwarf. As Master Chief got up, he looked at the Dwarf and said, "I think you need to try non-alcoholic beverages." The Dwarf looked up and slurred, "A keel yeh, ya big gren barshtard. A keel yeh!" Master Chief continued onwards, followed by Night Elves, and a Gnome on speed, who was chained to a Night Elf's leg, making it's rogue abilities completely useless. Master Chief turned another corner and a demon jumped down, moved it's claw in front of it's face, and roared, "You are not prepared!" It killed a Night Elf â€" Master Chief cheered for it â€" and was stuck in the face by a grunt. As it exploded â€" the grenade, not the demonâ€" although it went boom as well â€" The demon died, roaring, "I was not prepared!"

Sergeant Johnson came down, with a scorpion tank. He told all the marinesâ€" and the freaks, to stay behind Master Chief, who could take down the scarab. Cortana thanked Sergeant Johnson for the tank, mentioning that "_He _never gets me anything." As Sergeant Johnson jumped on the pelican, he smiled and said, "Oh, I know what the ladies like." Master Chief aimed a frag, which landed on the pelican, which then exploded, killing Sergeant Johnson. When the corpse landed at Master Chief's feet, he said, "And you say I never get you anything."

Later on, Master Chief had taught the human how to get dressed, and how to use a gun. He managed to hide all the whiskey, ale, spirits and other alcoholic beverages from the Dwarf. He tied the Gnome to the back of a conveniently placed warthog. He called the Night Elf gay, repeatedly, before tying a thousand pound weight to his feet and throwing him in the lake. And finally, he taught the Draenei that you do not rez things Master Chief kills, after an unpleasant experience involving a Hunter, an SMG and a bowl of Vanilla pudding.

"Beep! Beep!" The gnome yelled, substituting for the warthog's horn as they drove through a horde of unsuspecting Covenant. They were in a metropolis, following another warthog, which was utterly decimating Covenant masses. Master Chief pinned the marines in one place, got out of the warthog and started firing on them. When the scarab arrived, Master Chief pushed the Human, Gnome, and _another _Night Elf under the scarab's legs. They died but the scarab continued onwards. Master Chief ran up to where he was head height with it, picked up a rocket launcher and shotgun, and started firing. When the scarab arrived, he jumped on and pulled the trigger. _Click. Click. _Master Chief cursed, "Curses. I knew I shouldn't have used all the ammo on the human." He snuck up behind a grunt, beat it down, and took it's needler. He aimed the needler and firedâ€œ and got several needles to the visor for having the needler around the wrong way. After much trial and errorâ€œ and human death, he managed to slay all the Covenant in and on the scarab.

Author's note:

End
file.